Who euen now gaue me good eyes too, examined my exteriors with ſuch a greedy intention, with the beames of her beauty, that it ſeemed as ſhee would a ſcorged me vp like a burning glaſſe. Heere is another Letter to her, ſhe beares the purſe too. They ſhall be Exchequers to me, and Ile be cheaters to them both. They ſhall be my Eaſt and Weſt Indies, and Ile trade to them both. Heere, beare thou this Letter to Miſtris *Foord*. And thou this to Miſtreſſe *Page*. Wee'l thriue Lads, we will thriue.

Piſt. Shall I ſir Panderowes of *Troy* become?
And by my ſword weare ſteele.
Then Lucifer take all.

Nym. Here, take your humor Letter againe,
For my part, I will keepe the hauior
Of reputation. And theres the humor of it.

Fal. Heere ſirra, beare me theſe Letters titely,
Saile like my Pinnice to the golden ſhores:
Hence ſlaues, auant. Vaniſh like hailſtones, goe.
Falſtaffe will learne the humor of this age,
French thrift you rogue, my ſelfe and ſcirted Page.

Exit Falſtaffe and the boy.

Piſ. And art thou gone? Teaſter Ile haue in pouch
When thou ſhalt want, baſe Phrygian Turke,

Nym. I haue operations in my head, which are humors of reuenge.

Piſ. Wilt thou reuenge?

Nym. By *Welkin* and her Fairies.

Piſ. By wit, or ſword?

Nym. With both the humors I will diſcloſe this loue to *Page*. Ile poſes him with Iallowes,

And theres the humor of it.

Piſ. And I to *Foord* will likewiſe tell
How *Falſtaffe* varlet vilde,
Would haue her loue, his doue would proue,
And eke his bed defile.

Nym. Let's about it then.

Piſ. Ile ſecond thee: ſir Corporall *Nym* troope on.

Exit omnes

Enter Miſtreſſe Quickly, and Simple.

Quic. M. *Slender* is your Maſters name ſay you?

Sim. I indeed that is his name.

Quick. How ſay you. I take it he is ſomwhat a weakly man:
And he has as it were a whay coloured beard.

Sim. Indeed my Maſters beard is kane coloured.

Quic. Kane colour, you ſay well.
And is this Letter from ſir *Yon*, about Miſtris *Anne*,
Is it not?

Sim. I indeed is it.

Quic. So, and your Maſter would haue me as it were to ſpeake to Miſtris *Anne* concerning him: I promiſe you my Maſter hath a great affectioned minde to Miſtreſſe *Anne* himſelfe. And if he ſhould know that I ſhould as they ſay, giue my verdit for any one but him ſelfe, I ſhould heare of it throughly: For I tell you friend, he puts all his priuities in me.

Sim. I by my faith, you are a good ſtay to him.

Quic. Am I? I if you knew all you'd ſay ſo:
Waſhing, Brewing, Baking, al goes throgh my hands,
Or elſe it would be but a woe houſe.

Sim. I beſhrew me, one woman to do all this,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Merry Wives of Windsor* (STC 22300) LONDON, 1619 NATIONAL LIBRARY OF SCOTLAND (Bute.498) Octavo